

y 23, 1918

Life

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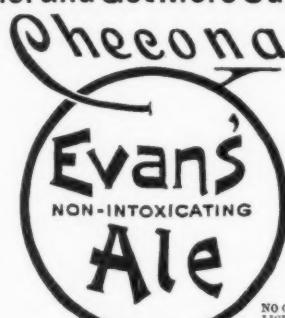
Eggs, People and Prices

A CHAIN grocery store in a certain New England town bought eggs from the near-by farmers for forty cents a dozen and offered them to its customers at forty-two cents. Other grocery stores in the same town bought from the same farmers for the same price and offered the eggs to their customers at forty-seven cents. The townspeople, suspicious of the low price at the chain store, would purchase only the forty-seven-cent eggs. In despair the manager of the chain store marked up the price of his eggs to forty-five cents. Instantly the townspeople bought out his supply. There are a number of near-morals concealed in this; but everyone will have to discover them for himself. Of course the actual moral is that one should never allow himself to be fooled into paying a low price.

Our Empty Churches

THE folk who complain so bitterly against the ever-dwindling congregations in our churches seem to forget that the churches are attempting to do business with antiquated methods. Sunday services, in most churches, vary little from those that were held in the same churches during the dreary, hypocritical, sanctimonious, hair-cloth furniture era. Meanwhile, everything else has advanced with seven-league boots. To expect churches to attract as many people as they did in the old days is like expecting an old-fashioned cyclorama to compete successfully with a

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Which was Mr. Douglas' First Complete Factory
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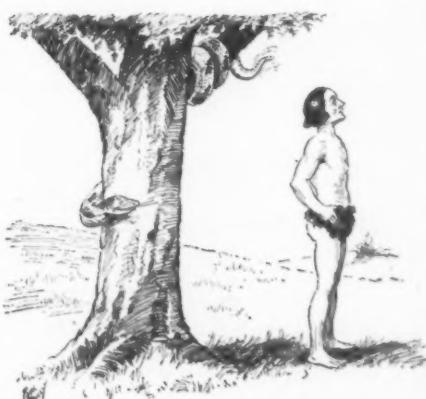
CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. This absolutely protects you against high prices and unreasonable profits. BEWARE OF FRAUD.

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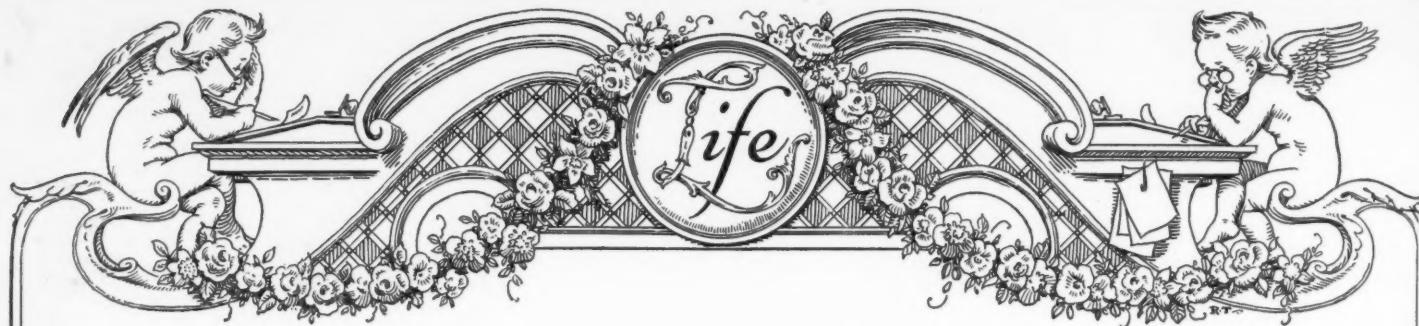
President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

moving-picture theatre. Churches whose congregations are vanishing should modernize themselves. It might help if they used jazz bands in place of choirs, and encouraged the younger members of the congregation to dance while the collections were being taken. Any church can get a full house if it brings itself sufficiently up to date.

"*EUREKA!*" exclaimed Balboa when he first saw the Pacific Ocean. But his joy was not one-half as great as that of the American citizen who discovers the pleasure that an annual subscription to LIFE brings his family every Tuesday.



"LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE"



Don't Skip Me

A correct understanding of the spirit of this paper depends upon your reading it through.

To pick up LIFE, glance at the pictures and when one excites either your admiration or your particular prejudice in any one direction to estimate it entirely by that single example, is to misjudge it.

The reason why you must not judge LIFE by just one or two things in it is because the minds who contribute to LIFE are independent in their views and often differ among themselves. We do not restrict our contributors to any settled policy, except that based on the broadest principles of justice and Americanism. We believe that it is more important that our contributors should be untrammelled in the expression of their views (so long as they maintain the standard set) than it is to trim them down to a narrow "policy."

LIFE is packed as closely as possible with pictures and ideas. Do not judge of it by one picture, by one paragraph, even by one issue.

Examine it as closely as you can. Read it line for line. It will pay you to get its totality.

Don't skip

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42

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Several sample copies will be sent to
any address on receipt of ten cents.

Analyzing Army Contractors

SOCIETY will be at a great disadvantage in its struggle for justice and equity until some enterprising inventor produces an instrument that will infallibly measure the patriotism of the porcine army contractor.

Of course, everybody knows that there are some army contractors who cannot help becoming enormously wealthy in spite of their patriotism. These, no doubt, can be trusted to make a proper use of their wealth after they accumulate it. But the others have to be dealt with in a more interfering way. But how to separate the sheep from the shoddy! There's the rub! How to tell whether a man is a patriot because he wants profits or wants profits because he is a patriot! That's where we need the services of a bang-up scientist who is an expert in quantitative and qualitative analysis.



VANITY FAIR

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If you want to be in the social and artistic swim, tear off the coupon in the lower left hand corner of this page—and mail it

If you are out of step with the whirling progress of our time; if you are removed from its magnetic influences; if, despite your youth, you are becoming an old fogey, or an old maid, or an old bachelor, or an old bore; if your *joie de vivre* is dying at the roots—then you must read *Vanity Fair*, and presto! you will be nimble-witted and agile-minded again—the joy of the picnic—the life of the grill-room—sunshine in the home.

Nine Months of *Vanity Fair* will enable you to ignite a dinner party at fifty yards

Don't settle down comfortably in the ooze. The world is moving, moving on all eight cylinders—some folks are even moving on twelve—and you might just as well move along with them. Don't stall yourself on life's highroad and be satisfied to take everybody else's dust. Hop up and take a little joy ride on the red and yellow band-wagon—*Vanity Fair's* band-wagon.

EVERY ISSUE CONTAINS:

PERSONALITIES: Portraits and revelations of the best known fighters, over there and over here, not to mention the writers, wits and workers who are giving of their best to win the war.

ESSAYS AND ARTICLES: Graphic treatment of the more unconventional sides of the war, by enlightening and enlivened essayists, critics and authors.

THE ARTS: Criticisms and illustrations of the latest and most discussed happenings in painting, literature, sculpture and architecture.

HUMOR AND SKETCHES: The sunniest spots in the bright side of the war; soldiers, near-soldiers, officers and near-officers; workers and near-workers as seen by young and daring artists and writers.

Try a Little Dollar Diplomacy!

You think nothing—in your poor deluded way—of paying \$2.00 for a theatre ticket, or two faded gardenias, but you can secure for \$2.00 nine months of *Vanity Fair*—ten if you mail the coupon now—and with it more entertainment than you can derive from dozens of sex plays or a shelf full of problem novels.



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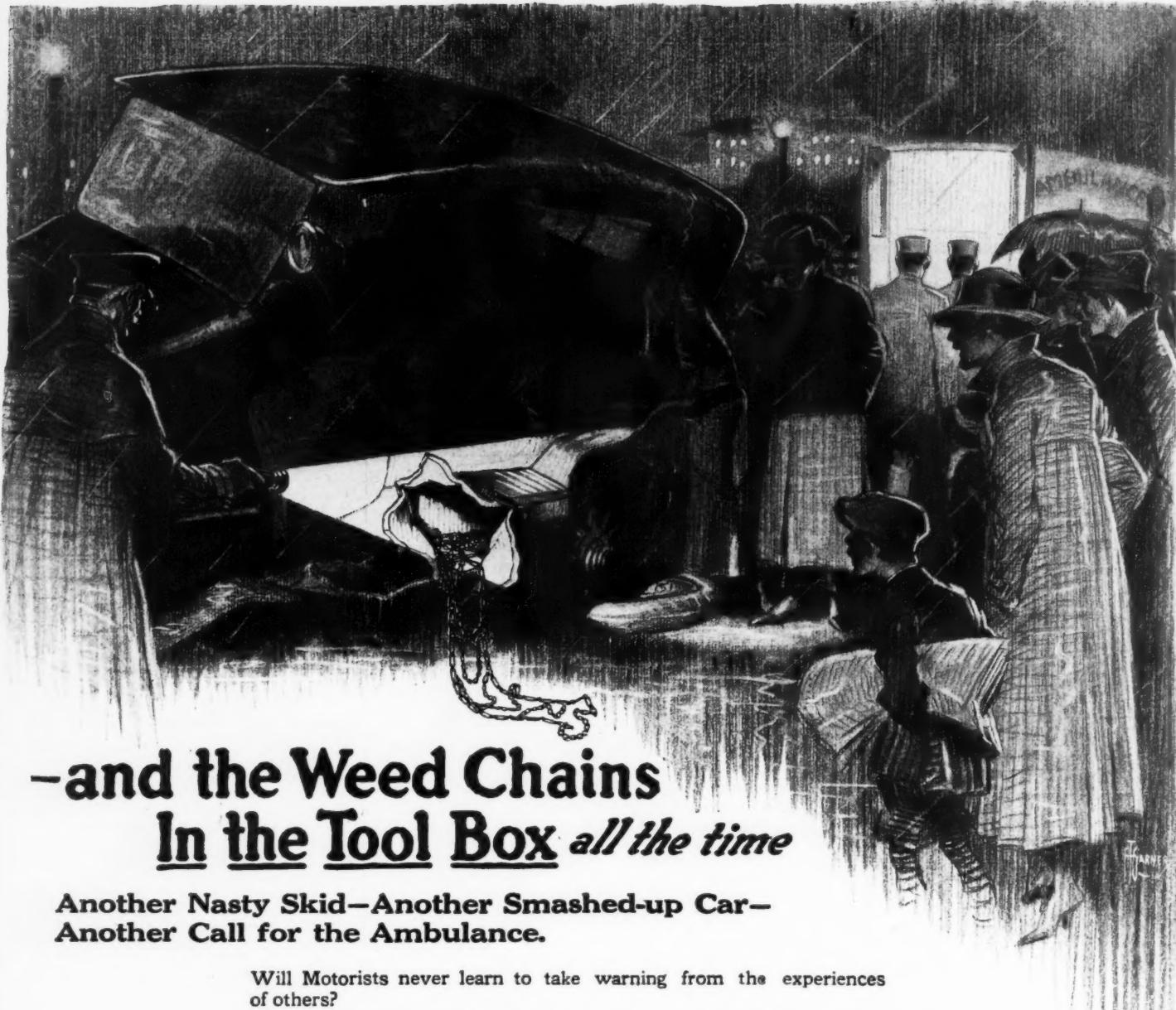
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-and the Weed Chains In the Tool Box all the time

Another Nasty Skid—Another Smashed-up Car—
Another Call for the Ambulance.

Will Motorists never learn to take warning from the experiences of others?

A chainless car on a slippery pavement is an *uncertain car*. You know this as well as we do, and are expected to be prepared.

Being prepared doesn't merely mean carrying tire chains in your tool box—what earthly good can they do there?

When It's Wet or Slippery Tire Chains Belong On the Tires

You shouldn't hesitate a moment in hauling them out of the tool box *at the first drop of rain*. Use *Precaution* as well as *Caution*.

You are to blame if your car skids. *You* are responsible if it swings into a pedestrian.

For Safety's Sake Put Chains on Your Tires

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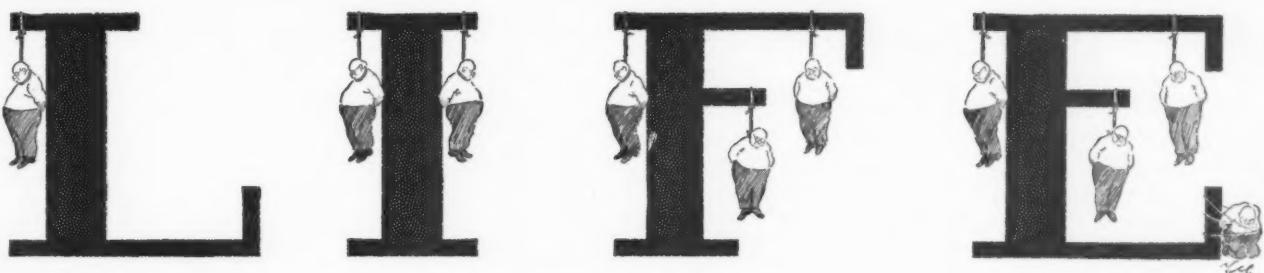
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"Wasted!"

London, May 6.—Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, addressing a central meeting of Boy Scouts at Guildhall, told of work done by French Boy Scouts in the neighborhood of the fighting line. A heroic deed by one French Boy Scout was described in a letter found on the body of a dead German. General Baden-Powell read the letter, which follows:

"A traitor has been shot—a little French lad belonging to one of those gymnastic societies which wear the Tri-Color button. The poor little fellow in his infatuation wanted to be a hero. A German column was passing along a wooded defile, and the boy was caught and asked whether the French were about. He refused to give information. Fifty yards further on fire was opened from the cover of the wood. The prisoner was asked in French if he had known that the enemy was in the forest, and he did not deny it. He went with firm step to a telegraph post and stood up against it, with a green vineyard behind him, and received the volley of the firing party with a proud smile on his face. Infatuated boy; it was a pity to see such wasted courage."

WASTED? O blind of heart, you wrote it wasted,
The loyalty, the courage and the pride;
Nay, you, who could but pity and deride
That pearl of boyhood, smiling as he tasted
The sacrament of death; you, who had hasted
By steep descent from where the stars abide
To heavy darkness; you, who had denied
The gleam of God in your own clay, are wasted.

Will not all lovers of the fair and true
Forever see that little figure stand
Erect against the post, to die for France?
Her leafing April vineyard better knew
The beauty of that deed than your dull hand,
Wondering at honor, counting faith mischance.

Katharine Lee Bates.

"I WRITE just exactly as I feel," said Smuck, the celebrated dramatic critic.

"And the worst of it is," replied Dobson, "you make others feel the way you write."

Spanish vs. German

THE German language is an absurd affair, full of harsh gutturals and strange inversions and ridiculous, far-fetched word-combinations. It is spoken only in Germany.

On the other hand, there is Spanish. The Spanish language is full of music, of liquid murmurings, of romance. It is the language of love, of poetry, of knightly deeds and ideals, of high adventure. Incidentally, it is the language of business.

It may be that the war will succeed in banishing German from our schools and colleges and replacing it with Spanish. If so, generations to come will reap the benefit and be exceeding glad.



"FROM BATTLE, MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH, GOOD LORD,
DELIVER HIM"

Ministers' Sons

MISTER WILSON is a minister's son. Mr. Hughes the same. So was President Cleveland. A writer to the *Evening Post* points out that one-fifth of the names in the Hall of Fame are ministers' sons; that in "Who's Who in America" there are nearly eighteen times as many names of ministers' sons as the normal proportion calls for, and that in the (British) Dictionary of National Biography the children of clergymen number 1,270, of lawyers 510, of physicians 350.

Max and Crystal Eastman are minister's children. Indeed, it is said that both their parents were ministers, so possibly ministerial derivation may be overdone like anything else.

How many ministers' sons acquire distinction in their fathers' calling and how many get it in secular pursuits is not disclosed in accessible figures, but apparently it is mostly in secular life that ministers' sons excel.

Why?

For one thing, because they have to. Most ministers are poor, and accumulate very little money. But they can usually educate their children. They bring them up to be self-supporting. They have more time than most laymen to train them, and more than average social pull in starting them in business or in professional life.

Much is expected of ministers' families out of a small provision. To grow up a minister's son is a discipline. To those who come through it other things come easy, and that is doubtless the main reason why ministers' sons get on.

The chances of birth are formidable in any case, but ambitious souls awaiting incarnation are advised to try to break into ministers' families. They may not like it, but statistics indicate that it will do them good.

The Food Hoarder's Secret

FULL many a barrel of flour and of rice
The dark, unfathomed cellar spaces bear;
Full many a sack of sugar braves the mice,
And wastes its sweetness on the attic air.



"GIDDAP! WHAT D'YE THINK YE'RE DOIN'? SPEEDIN' UP AEROPLANE PRODUCTION?"

The Poker Habit

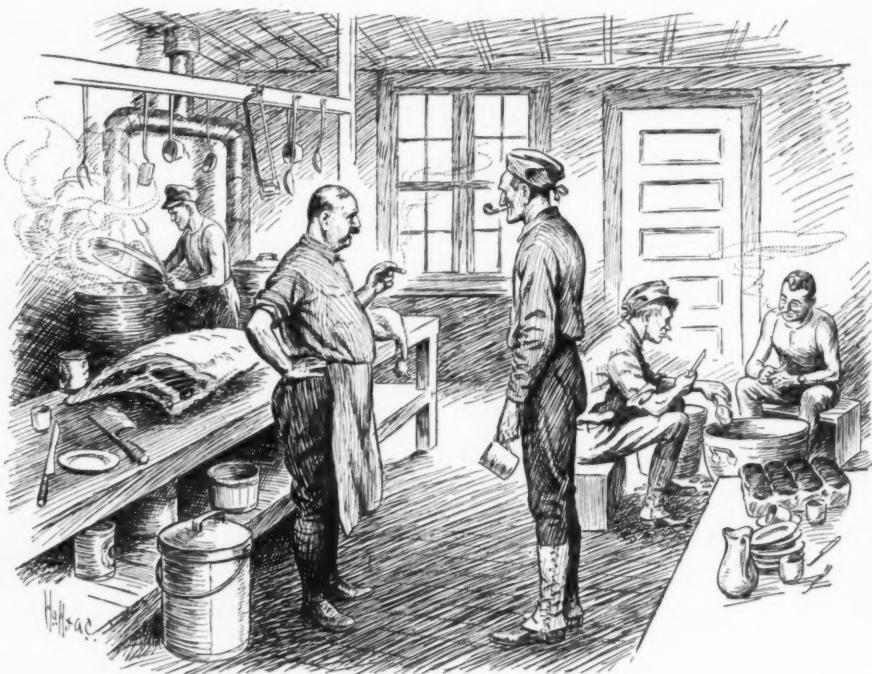
FLOSSIE FOURFLUSH: I am a great admirer of small feet.

JACK POTTS: So am I. There isn't so much of them to get cold.

Business for Him

MARRIAGE is a failure," complained the disappointed husband.

"You can't make me believe that," replied the divorce lawyer.



"THE CAP'N RAISED THE DEUCE WITH ME TO-DAY. SAYS HE, 'COOK, THIS SOUP TASTES LIKE DISHWATER.'"

"WOT DID YOU SAY?"

"I COULDN'T VERY WELL SAY NOTHIN', 'COS IT WAS DISHWATER."



A Promising Lad

Geneva, May 1.—The German Crown Prince himself has fired several shots with the gun with which Paris is being bombarded, a Cologne despatch says. He is greatly interested in the working of the guns, and has inspected them frequently.

CONGRATULATIONS, Prince.

But while it may be amusing to kill women and children in a church, is the Crown Prince quite safe only sixty miles away?

This reckless exposure of one's per-

son might prove disastrous, as the death of a Hohenzollern would be, indeed, a loss to civilization.

Questions That Ought to Be Answered

If it took two years to get a man like C. M. Schwab at the head of the shipbuilding plants, how long will it take George Creel to resign?

If Mr. Garfield instructs us to put in our coal at once and our local dealer tells us he cannot supply us, ought we to send a letter to Mr. Garfield, thank-

ing him for the great interest he has taken in us?

If a burglar enters your house and proceeds not only to rob it, but to murder your wife and daughter and then set the house on fire, do you politely look on, refrain from shooting at him and let him go, because you feel that, from the highest motives, you cannot descend to his own level?

What is \$800,000,000 among airplane friends?

MOTTO FOR SENTRIES: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Life's Horoscopes

ELIHU ROOT



BORN under Minerva and Jupiter, in transit with Mars, and Bolsheviks transcendent, this young man's horoscope shows many interesting possibilities. He will succeed best as Secretary of War in a Democratic administration, but the possibility of this is obscured by rising partisanship and signs of increased inactivity in the Ordnance Department. Should avoid all corporation lawyers, state constitutions and confine himself to hoping for the best. Looks well in almost any Cabinet clothes.

W. G. McADOO

WITH the Milky Way all tied up, a drop of twenty points in Taurus preferred, smoke rings forming on Mars and the orbit of Venus short-circuited with the Pennsylvania Railroad, this young man rang the bell for two speeds ahead and was shown into an obsequious world at Marietta, Ga., October 31, 1863. The Universe was at once put on a new schedule, and the Sun and Moon reorganized, nobody else being consulted, except the Brotherhood of Planetary Engineers, who got what they asked for. Our subject is easily influenced by cotton belts rising in the South and with Federal Reserves rampant and golden eagles disappearing. He should beware of slackers forming on the cusp of four and a quarter per cents. Looks well in inflation overalls, trimmed with surtaxes.



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT



THIS gentleman reached the height of his fame when, crossed with the orbit of the Teddy Bear, he achieved a glorious G. O. P. extinction and, gaining his freedom as an ex-President, acquired the fine art of being silent at the right time. With Eli's forming in the wake of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Ursa Major wearing the smile that won't come off, and Canadian conscription in reciprocity with Samuel Gompers, he was born in Cincinnati, September 15, 1857. From thence he proceeded due East, where, having sojourned at the White House, he was barred out of the Supreme Court by Wilsonian partisanship. Should avoid over-indulgence in peace notes, platitudes and oyster bays.

BRIGGS: What is the first thing to do when you want to get a divorce?

GRIGGS: Look up some girl and marry her.



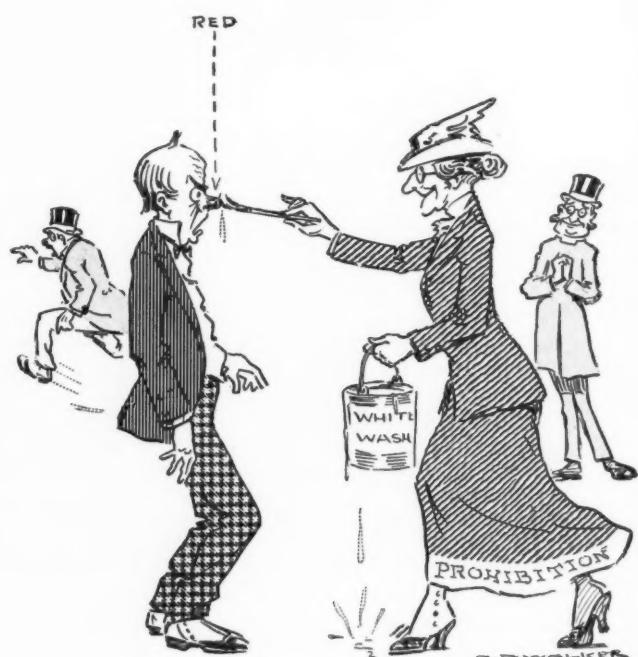
TRIALS OF A BOY WHO WORE A SOUVENIR FROM HIS FATHER
IN FRANCE

Unique

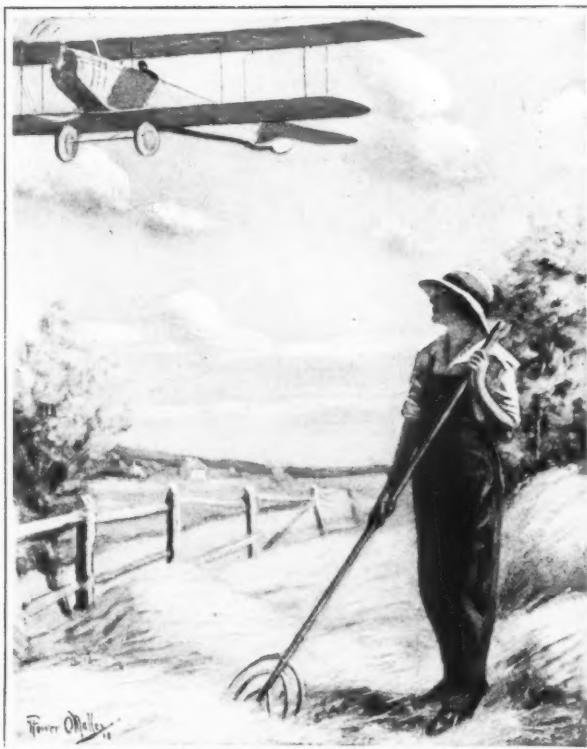
UNCLE SAM (*to Miss France*): Here, my dear made-moisselle, allow me to present you with this delicate little flying machine.

MISS FRANCE: You are most kind, monsieur. You know I have some of my own.

"But they can't be like this. This one took me two years to make, and cost a billion."



TRYING TO CHANGE THE LEOPARD'S SPOT



MAUD MULLER

"The judge rode slowly down the lane"

Their Business

A WOMAN, with gray hair beneath a bonnet of a style seldom seen now, walked into the office and asked, "Are you the editor?"

She had a cheerful appearance, so I said, "I am the editor on days when we get out a good paper."

She said, "Your paper is usually good. I am complaining of the things left out, but not of the things you print."

I dusted off the easiest chair in the office and told her to ask for anything which could be set up out of cold, unfeeling type.

She said, "I have a boy in France, and I want news of my boy and other boys. I read what you print in the paper, but I want news."

I said, "We print all the news."

She sighed very wearily, and said, "It is no news to me that my boy is in France, that he will fight if he is needed, that there are hospitals in France, that there were local opera-

tions last night, or that the situation is developing satisfactorily. I want to know many things, but chiefly I want to be certain that I shall know his name if it is ever printed in the casualty lists."

"The lists are printed in full," I answered.

"Do you print the addresses?" she asked.

"No, but the names are given. You would know his name. You ought not to worry."

"Have you a son?" she asked.

I did not answer.

"Would you recognize your name if the letters in it were changed? Are mistakes made in cabling or in printing?"

I said, "The officers in charge have studied war, and they know what is best. It is their business."

She answered softly, "I have loaned the little money I had to the country. I gave my boy. I have no business, if this is not my business."

Again I said nothing.



*Sammy: HURRY UP, YE DARN LOAFER, IF YE WANTA SUR-
RENDER WITH THIS CROWD*

She asked, "Can you help me to get news?"

"There is no way to help," I answered. "We could not print the news, even if we were allowed to send representatives to get it."

She said, "I have given everything else cheerfully. Maybe I can give up my thoughts."

After she had gone, and I had loosened my grasp on the edge of the desk, I talked to myself. There is no edict against talking to yourself.

History's Little Paradoxes

Three Memorable Phrases

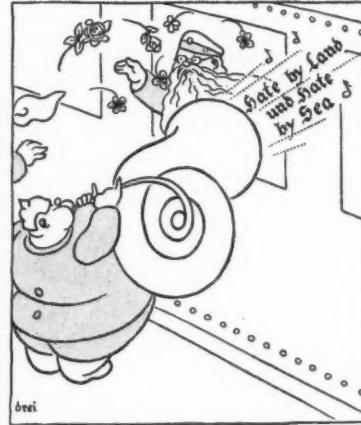
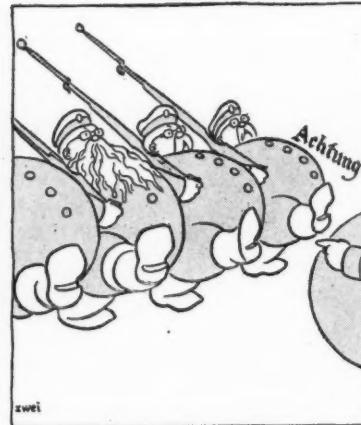
WE may be too proud to fight.
Peace without victory.

Making the world safe for democracy.

They are memorable because

We were not too proud to fight.

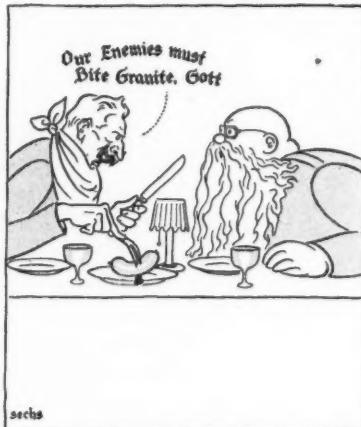
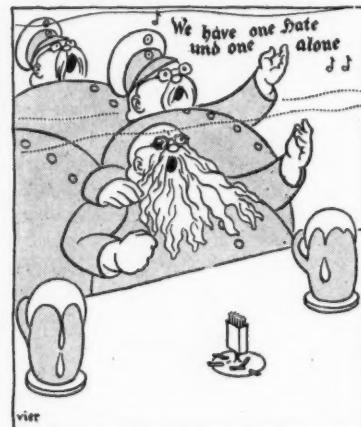
There will be no peace without victory. And we are not especially aiming to make the world safe for democracy, but are trying to save it from a race of megalomaniacs led by a paranoid.



Gott iss called to der Colorz

In der Training Kamp

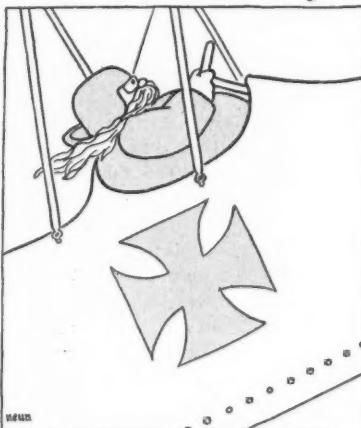
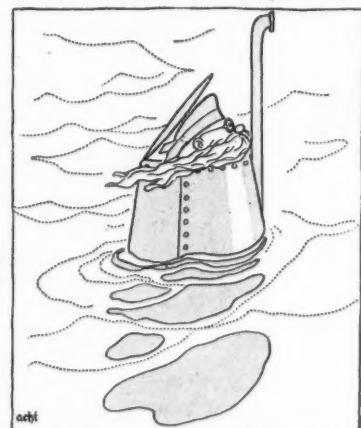
Off for der Front



Gott iss a Jolly Good Fellow

He iss made eine Hauptmann

He dines mit Machesty



He iss in der Favor of Kronprinz

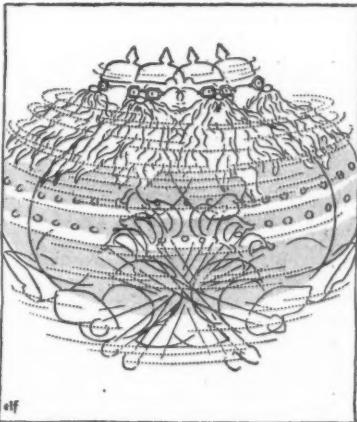
Im Unter-seo-booten

Im Aviatik

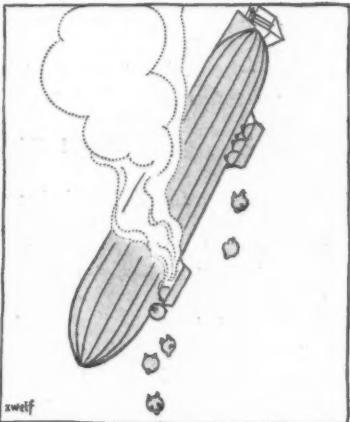
WHAT HAPPENED TO GOTT



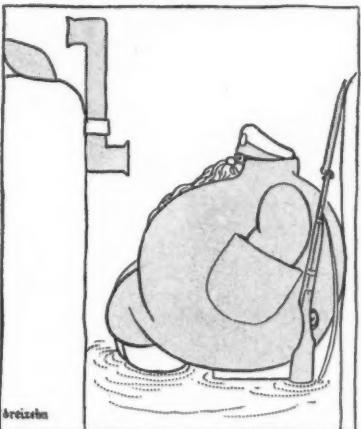
Gott iss Dekorated



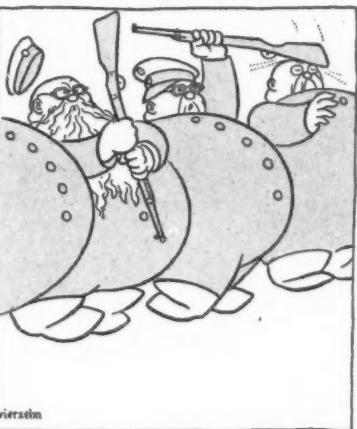
He iss ordored to Four Fronts at once



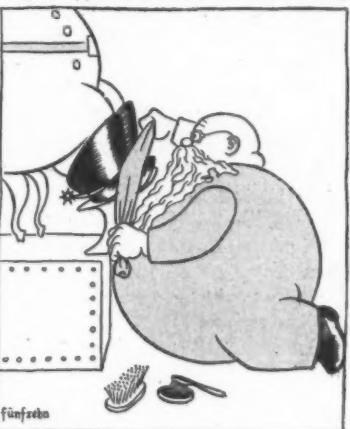
As der Zeppelin Maskot he iss not so much



He iss Reduced to der Ranks



He iss Reduced to der Awkward Squad



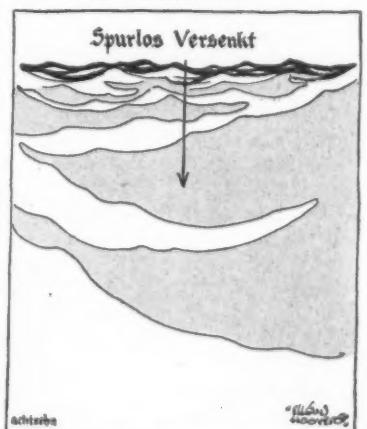
He iss Reduced



Eine Stormy Interview



Der Judgment



Gott iss Sunk Mitoudt a Trace

On Secrecy

A MERICAN CITIZEN: Is this the office of the Secretary of War?

MR. BAKER: Yes, sir. Come right in and sit down. I thought I recognized you. If I am not mistaken this is Mr. American Citizen.

A. C. (*somewhat flattered*): I didn't think you would know me so quick.

MR. BAKER: My dear fellow, it is my business to know everything and everybody. Now, what can I do for you?

A. C.: I came in to inquire about those airplanes, and also about guns and equipment and ammunition and a few other things.

MR. BAKER: Splendid! I am glad to see that at last you are taking an interest in this vital question of supplying our army at the front. Now, what can I tell you? Speak up, sir, and you shall know all about it.

A. C.: Well, I want to know the facts.

MR. BAKER: Facts! Why, don't you read the papers? Haven't you seen all the published reports?

A. C.: But the whole thing is so terribly confusing that I cannot make head or tail of it. First I read that there are thousands of airplanes on their way, and then that only one has been shipped. Then I read that Mr. Chamberlain has denounced the administration, and the next day that what he says wasn't true. Then Mr. Borglum declares that it is worse than true, and somebody else denounces him. So where am I?

MR. BAKER: Well, we have to do this sort of thing so that the enemy will be misled.

A. C.: What sort of thing?

MR. BAKER: Why, what you have just been complaining of. That's the modern art of secrecy, you know. First give out something misleading, then have it contradicted, until the controversy spreads, and nobody knows anything.

A. C.: But how does that deceive the enemy?

MR. BAKER: Why, the enemy, of course, reads all our papers, and when he gets through he doesn't know any more than we do.

A. C.: But doesn't he have spies who keep him correctly informed?

MR. BAKER: My dear fellow, there you go again. You have been reading in the newspapers about the German propaganda. All a myth.

A. C.: Well, what am I to believe?

MR. BAKER: Don't believe anything you hear or read. It's the only safe way.

A. C.: But I am paying the bills;



THE LASS THAT LOVED AN AVIATOR

and I claim that I have a right to know how my money is being spent.

MR. BAKER: Then you never were more mistaken in your life. You see, the modern art of war makes everything different. I know, because I have been at the front. On the contrary, it is just because you *are* paying the bills that you ought not to know how the money is being spent.

A. C.: But I don't see why.

MR. BAKER: Of course you don't see why. You are not a war expert, are you? You're just a plain American citizen, just a common or garden tax payer. Perhaps you hadn't thought about that.

A. C. (*doggedly*): Yes, I had. I had thought about it a great deal.

MR. BAKER: Well, go home and think about it some more. Now, I don't want to be unkind to you, but,

really, you ought not to use up my time in this way. Besides, it distinctly takes away from your earning capacity. Good day, sir. Glad to have met you.

T. L. M.

The Iceman

I'D somehow hate to be the Iceman
(Though ours is certainly a nice man).

In Winter, People fume and scold
Because his Wares are much too cold,
Yet later growl and look still glummer
Because his Cakes will melt in Summer.
His Weighs, they say, are Light, but
Dark;

And High Financial Experts mark
The Wretch for Legislative Slaughter
Because his Stock is wholly Water.
And no one ever mentions Ice
Except to rail against the Price.

Arthur Guiterman.



WHICH IS THE MORE UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN?

Time

THE importance of time can scarcely be over estimated. Yet certain philosophers declare that there is no such thing as time, it being only a mental illusion.

In 1914 the Germans, held up for only seventy-two hours by the Belgians, when their calculations did not take into account this delay, lost the world.

The war would be over to-day if America had known what time meant.

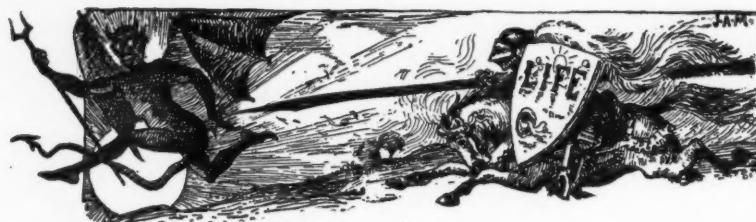
Circumventing time is the measure of one's salvation. Not to know what time is is to be a victim of time. Being a victim of time is like being a victim of the Hun.

HE (to the hostess, testily): Isn't the company here rather mixed?

THE HOSTESS: Yes, but they don't mind if you don't.



WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK



MAY 30, 1918

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 71
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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

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IT was give and give between the President and this metropolis on May 18th. Each gave the other a good time. The President enjoyed the crowd, and the crowd enjoyed the President. Never such a parade, observers said, and indeed it was mighty pretty, and beat all previous women's parades hands down, and that is almost to say it beat the record.

We have had no great parades of troops on their way to war, and this Red Cross show, mainly of women, was by much the biggest exhibition of war participants so far. In the fulness of time, for those of us who are left alive, there will be days when

The troops come marching home again
With gay and gallant tread,
and no fear of submarines will deter
us from greeting them, but meanwhile,
we shall hardly better the great show
for the Red Cross.

It was a happy thought for the President to march at the head of it down Fifth Avenue. He would always rather be in the game than look on at it, and he is a good people's man, and in these times his gifts and capacities in that way find a highly appreciative market. At the big talk in the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of the parade, Mr. Davison, the erstwhile banker, now Chairman of the Red Cross War Council, and just back from Europe, spoke of our President as "the man recognized as the central figure of the world," and Mr. Dodge followed up Mr. Davison by describing him as "the spokesman of all the great

spiritual forces of the world; the beacon-light to which the eyes of millions in every land who long for freedom and peace are looking."

Mr. Wilson is an excellent spokesman, at least, as we all know, and he spoke very well that night, putting in a word for an army without any definite limit, and declaring his intention to stick by Russia, both very sound propositions. There is no use of putting a limit to our army. The only limit is enough soldiers to do the job, in so far as our population can furnish them. And as for Russia, it is too large a country to be spared for a wolf-nursery, even if there were no other objections to German control of it.



IT is a wonderful war, and increasing all the time in marvellous effects. "Not a hundred years of peace," said Mr. Wilson, "could have knitted this country together as this single year of war has knitted it together, and better even than that, if possible, it is knitting the world together." As to this country, we all see the process going on with wonderful speed; the reluctant getting in with the ardent to share the duties and back the fortunes of the United States; all sorts and conditions of men and women working in co-operation for whatever special cause is being pushed; the young, the old, the very children, incessant in helpful activities. At the present writing, with the Red Cross drive going on, New

York is a truly remarkable spectacle. People are getting the habit of giving in a way that was never dreamed of before. They are rapidly getting the idea that the war has first call on their abilities, physical, mental and pecuniary, and that they must plan to get along on what is left after the war and all its supplementary needs have been supplied. Only a universal miracle could make all people unselfish, and though this war comes nearer to being a universal miracle than anything in history, it has not quite done that yet. But it has gone far in that direction, and is going strong. When we think what this country was a year and a half ago, and see what manner of land it is now, we pinch ourselves to make sure we are alive.



GET a hundred million people really moving—modern people, with modern leaders and equipment, and the resources of a continent to work with—and surely they ought to count for something as helpers in a drive for world-salvation. Our hundred million are just beginning to strike their gait. The *vis inertiae* has been overcome, the mass begins to gather speed, and it is coming to be that not to move with it is to run increasing risk of being run over.

The Overman bill is a law, and the President now has power to get better work out of the departments of the government, or, failing that, to shift the war-jobs from hands in which they lag to hands that can handle them. But they don't all lag, as it is. One reads anew, this time from Mr. Lawrence in the *Evening Post*, that the Liberty motor is not only a hummer, but is humming; that on May 16th a thousand were complete and ready to go into battle-planes; that the French government, that lately ordered three thousand of them, has now asked for as many as can be built. And there are aeroplanes; good ones, too. One plant (at Dayton) is making forty-eight a week. They are just beginning to come in quantity, with great quantity not far ahead. And there are new ships



Fritz: EMPEROR, THE SAMMIES!
"I TELL YOU, THERE ARE NO SUCH ANIMALS."

actually splashing into the brine every day, and some days more than one. Things do move, and among other things, troops. They are going over unmistakably by the hundred thousand, and fast, and they are good troops, and will fight and kill Germans, though they have a good deal to learn yet about the best methods of doing it, and their officers are not yet passed experts in the science of war. But the knowledge that they lack will be supplied to them by the French and British who have learned the game, and we look to them to be mighty useful from the start.



DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, the pacifist chancellor of Stanford University, has become the object of one of the most remarkable tokens of reprobation on record. The papers report that twenty-five of his classmates of the class of '73 of Cornell University, who met at Ithaca on May 19th for their forty-fifth reunion, unani-

mously approved a resolution calling on the Board of Trustees of Cornell "to rescind and revoke their action in allowing a certificate of graduation to David Starr Jordan, and any degree since conferred upon him."

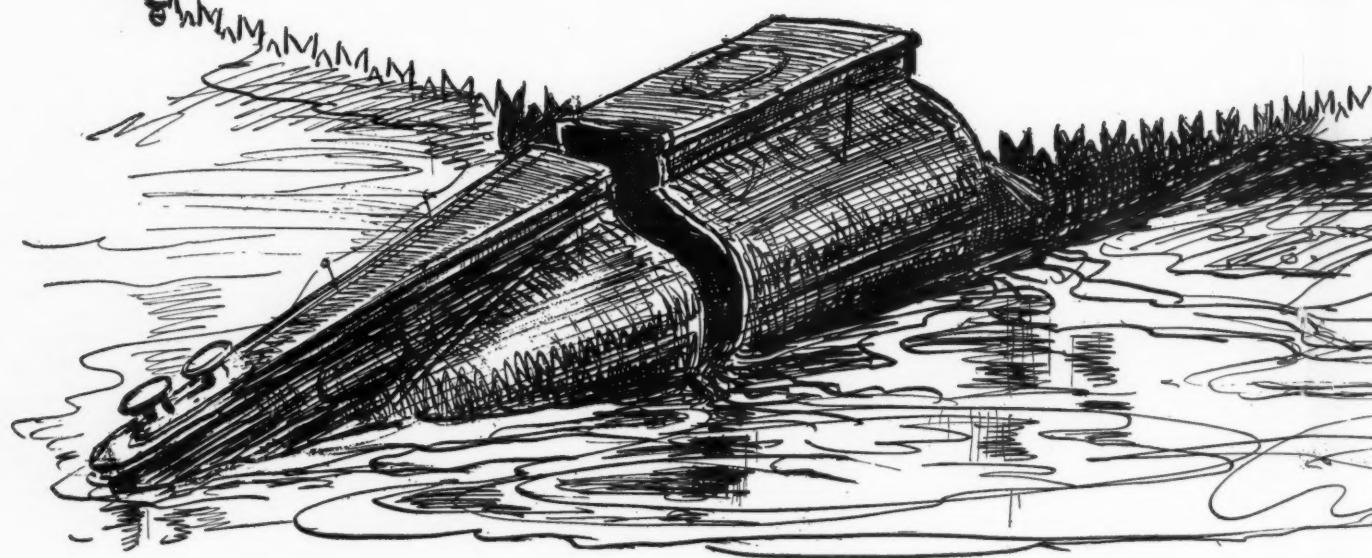
This action, without precedent, so far as we know, implies not only deep dissatisfaction with Dr. Jordan's views, but a sentiment that he has been deeply culpable in holding them. For the dissatisfaction there is ample grounds, but about the culpability, one would like further information. Dr. Jordan was an anti-war agitator and writer since many years before 1914. His classmates would hardly wish his Cornell degrees to be torn away from him for that. They must be displeased with him because of activities for peace since the present war began.

No doubt peace would look good to him at any price, and always has looked good to him, and he has played the German game in working for it. When he was chasing about after it with Lochner, two or three years ago, he was trying, but not disgraceful, and since the country got into the war we believe he has been, as he says, regular and sincere in his support of the government. So far as is generally known, Dr. Jordan is not pro-German nor anti-English nor opposed to our government or any of our

allies, but merely to war, which he considers unhygienic and bad for races. He would cure it, apparently by lying down, whereas the treatment popular just now is to stand up to it. There is a difference between pacifists who have ulterior motives, and straight ones whose only trouble is that their minds don't work like other people's. The latter sort should be borne with patience as long as they don't try to meddle with the war. Dr. Jordan has not succeeded as well as Mr. Bryan in publishing his acceptance of the war, but however his untimely biological opinions have misled him, we believe he is loyal.

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LIFE



In the Shipya

LIFE



In the Shipyard



By Way of Valedictory



IN a few choice and appropriate words *LIFE*, now that the time has come, bids farewell to the theatrical season of 1917-18 and permits its dying embers to burn out as needless in the coming heat of the summer evenings. An unusually cool spring has kept more theatres than usual open up to the present late date, but unless the climate, like everything else in the world, has gone completely crazy, we may expect old reliable hot weather along, almost any time now, to bring about a sudden dimming of lights and closing of doors. Usually this means green fields and babbling brooks to take the place of the painted scene and the voices of hero, heroine and villain, but in these strenuous times the change with most of us will be to do what we can do in our great or humble ways to win the war against scientific barbarism.

And then, in the hoped-for cycle of things, a new season under happier auspices.



THE theatrical year now ending leaves behind it for the edification of the outlying districts, including the remotest zones created by Mr. Burleson's postal laws, more Metropolitan successes than usual which, beginning early in the season, have not found it necessary to leave the happy hunting-ground of Broadway. Rarely does the road have to wait for the second season to see such a list as that which comprises "Polly with a Past," "Maytime," "A Tailor-Made Man," "Business Before Pleasure," "Jack o' Lantern," "Going Up," "The Eyes of Youth," "Lombardi, Ltd." and "Tiger Rose." In other times the long runs of these nine attractions would have shut out deserving novelties, but the great increase in the number of New York's theatres has given them full time and yet provided for first-nighters the busiest season they have ever known.



IT has been a curious season in many ways. The theatres have felt the war influence more, perhaps, in front of the curtain than in the way of dramatic inspiration. The war tax on tickets, dreaded at first, has apparently made no difference whatever to the theatre-going public. Audiences have come to regard almost as a matter of course the invasions of promoters of bond sales and war charities. They stand up for the playing of the national anthem as though they had done it all their lives, instead of only for a few short months. The way theatrical audiences give up money for every war cause is a marvel to managers whose ears have



SUGGESTED
INSIGNIA FOR DESK WARRIORS

been tuned only to complaints about over-charges for tickets.

And to the credit of the theatre be it recorded that through this season of constant appealing every movement has had the quick and ready help of everyone in the theatrical business and the theatrical profession from manager and star down to the humblest employee or member of the cast.



ALTHOUGH the season has marked no great triumphs in the literature or art of the stage, no great retrogression is to be recorded. The theatre has gone along, fairly well carrying out its primary mission of mere entertainment, and it has provided entertainment which has been, almost without exception, free from unwholesome taint. Managers inclined that way seem to have learned that purveying filth means only short-lived and not stable profit. If, when this particular serpent raises its head, we could have from the authorities action a little more prompt and rational, it would mean complete eradication of this evil.

The war, so far, instead of stimulating the literature of the stage, seems to have had a crippling and numbing effect. It has completely shut off the supply of English plays, and the French authors left to write have had their vision narrowed to local effect. Our own writers have as yet found absolutely no inspiration in the theme.

But the germ must be at work in all countries. Peoples cannot go through such things as the intellectual nations are now enduring without a stirring and fertilizing of the deeper consciousness. When peace comes the literature of the stage and all literature are bound to show the fruits of this baring of humanity to the very marrow. The theatre has lived so long on and for the trivialities that perhaps we are on the verge of a renascence of its higher powers. With a sobered and more serious public we may have a stage aiming at more serious accomplishment.



MATERIALLY the theatre in New York has found this a most prosperous season. Anything that makes for business activity helps the New York box-offices. Touring companies have not found equal prosperity,

for the country has not yet recovered from the killing-the-goose process to which New York managers subjected it for so many years, and not many communities have yet been weaned from the moving-picture substitute for the spoken drama. Which brings the thought that if the movies have any value as educators of the theatrical sense they are making big audiences for the future. This and the recent seasons show that until that education is perfected the managers will have some task to bring back the out-of-town public they so thoroughly alienated by unfair methods.

And so good-bye to a season which has been a busy one, even if not impressive in its artistic results. And here's hoping all sorts of good things for the next one.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—“Rock-a-Bye-Baby,” by Margaret Mayo et al.

Belasco.—“Polly with a Past.” Agreeable and well acted light comedy of to-day with Ina Claire in the leading rôle.

Bijou.—“A Pair of Petticoats,” by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Well acted and diverting polite English light comedy.

Booth.—“Seventeen,” by Mr. Booth Tarkington. The tragedy of puppy-love made diverting in well played comedy of the Middle West.

Broadhurst.—“Maytime.” Musical play with a quaint and delightful flavor.



IF MEN WERE AS BRAVE AS WOMEN

Casino.—“Fancy Free” with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Gladsome girl-and-music show.

Century Roof.—Amusing cabaret for the midnight hours.

Cohan.—“The Kiss Burglar.” Cheery girl-and-music show.

Cohan and Harris.—“A Tailor-Made Man.” Well presented light comedy showing that glad rags have a lot to do with business success.

Cort.—“Flo Flo.” Ordinary girl-and-music show, more undressed than usual.

Eltinge.—“Business Before Pleasure.” Messrs. Glass and Goodman demonstrate that Messrs. Potash and Perlmuter are as funny as ever, even in the movie-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in “Belinda,” preceded by Barrie’s “The New Word.” Agreeable but extremely light entertainment from the English.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith’s spectacular movie play, “Hearts of the World.” Wonderful war pictures interspersed in a movie drama of the usual type.

Forty-eighth Street.—“The Man Who Stayed at Home.” Highly interesting spy-drama of the lighter sort.

Fulton.—Double bill by the new Actors and Authors Theatre.

Globe.—Last week of “Jack o’ Lantern,” with Mr. Fred Stone. The star’s athletic fun with a good girl-and-music background.

Henry Miller’s.—Mr. Sydney Grundy’s “A Marriage of Convenience.” Charming setting and good acting for a most agreeable costume comedy.

Hudson.—“Nancy Lee,” by Mr. Eugene Walter. Drama of the fast life in America to-day. Well staged and well acted.

Liberty.—“Going Up.” Aviation made amusing in a tuneful musical play.

Lyceum.—“Tiger Rose.” Interesting and well staged melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Maxine Elliott’s.—“The Eyes of Youth.” Excellently acted and interesting drama showing in mysterious fashion the possibilities of a woman’s life.

Morosco.—Last fortnight of “Lombardi, Ltd.,” by the Hattons. Up-to-date flashy comedy showing that in the life of a fashionable New York man-dressmaker there may be sentimental episodes.

Park.—Last week of “Seven Days’ Leave,” by Mr. Walter Howard. Thrilling war melo-drama.

Playhouse.—“The Little Teacher,” by Mr. Harry James Smith, Mary Ryan the heroine in a pleasant rural comedy.

Princess.—“Oh, Lady! Lady!” by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. The kind of fun and melody that are just now popular in girl-and-music demonstration.

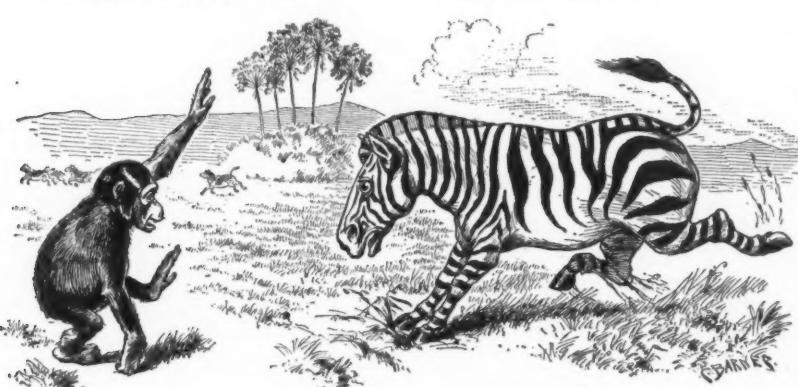
Republic.—“Parlor, Bedroom and Bath,” by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Strongly flavored but laughable and well performed farce.

Shubert.—“The Copperhead,” by Mr. Augustus Thomas, with Mr. Lionel Barrymore in the leading part. Drama of Civil War days with unusual acting by the star. Entirely worth seeing.

Thirty-ninth Street.—“A Cure for Cura-bles,” by Messrs. Biggers and Whitman. Mr. William Hodge satirizing in amusing fashion the American fondness for quackery of the sanitarian kind.

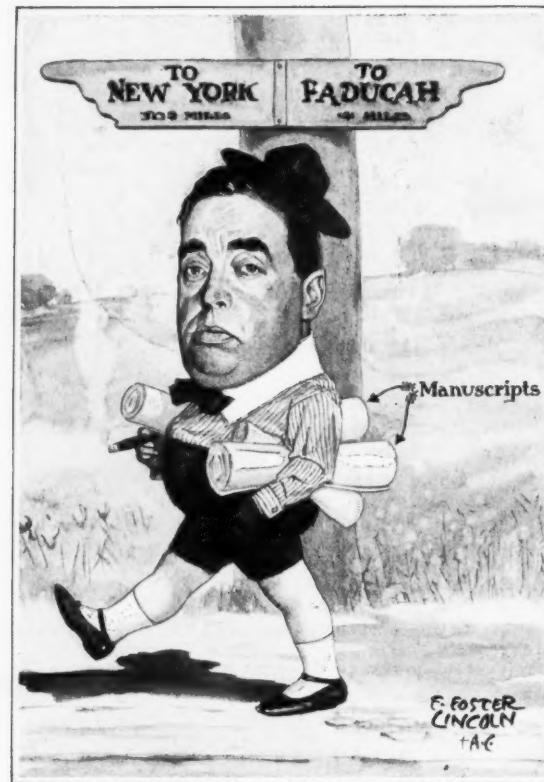
Winter Garden.—“Sinbad.” Splendid girl-and-music entertainment for the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld’s Midnight Frolic.—A cabaret excuse for declining the bed-going invitation of the drowsy Morpheus.

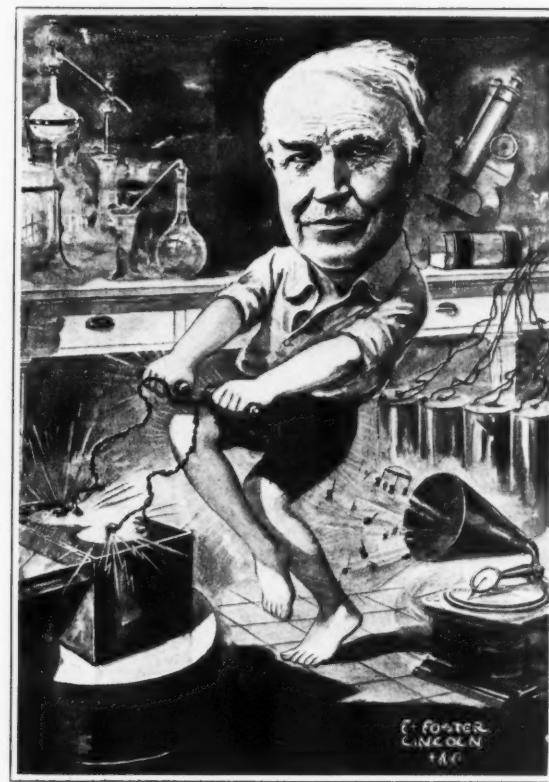


TOO MUCH CAMOUFLAGE

“I SAY, ZEBE, YOU FELLOWS BETTER KEEP DARK TILL THE WAR IS OVER OR YOU’LL BE HAULING CANNON AND MUNITION WAGONS”



IRVY COBB



'WIZ' EDISON

His Job

HE walked briskly into headquarters. "Pardon me," he said, "but can I do anything about this war?"

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"I'm beyond the draft age, but it makes me uneasy to think that the war is going on without my help. What can you suggest?"

"How about working on a farm?"

"Crazy about it. I love Nature in all of her varied and beautiful forms. But, alas! I have a tender back, and farming doesn't agree with me."

"They need men in the ammunition works."

"Splendid service, that; but I never was strong. My mother used to say when I was a boy that my brain was too big for my body. The fumes would knock me out, I am sure."

"How would you like to become the head of some department?"

"Ah! Now you are getting warm. I do my best work evolving plans. I like to sit and create."

"Splendid!"

The man at the desk rang a bell. He said to the porter:

"Here, John, is a man of gigantic intellect, who wants to stop the war by getting into it. Please take him at once into the other room and place him at the head of the speakers' bureau. It will be his duty to listen to all of the speeches before they are delivered in public."

But he spoke to the empty air. The man with the gigantic intellect had slipped under the porter's arm and vanished.

A Downfall

MAMMA, did papa have to stoop over when you were married?"

"What do you mean?"

"Aunt Jane says he married beneath him."

Concerning Two Hundred Thousand Captured Americans

Americans are clever business people, and we shall be glad to capture two hundred thousand of them and place them in our factories and machine shops, where we have British prisoners working.

—A German army officer.

THE United States will be glad to have the German army start out with the intention of capturing two hundred thousand Americans. By the time the Germans have accumulated one-half of the number they will be painfully aware that they have been in a fight. By the time they have got the entire number they will feel as though they had been pulled backward through a knot-hole—and the United States will have just begun to fight.



Officer: SHALL I COURT MARTIAL HIM?

W. W.: THAT WOULD PUT US UPON THE LEVEL OF THOSE WE ARE FIGHTING AND AFFECTING TO DESPISE. I THINK IT IS UNNECESSARY AND UNCALLED FOR.

Money Talks



GEORGINA DAGNET,
BABY 2005

NO words could describe so eloquently as the figures below what the generosity of LIFE's readers amounts to. More than two hundred thousand dollars for the orphaned little ones of France! We leave it to our readers themselves to translate this into terms of mental relief for the anxious mothers and physical aid for the helpless children.

LIFE has received, in all, \$201,825.96, from which 1,157.444.95 francs have been remitted to Paris. We gratefully acknowledge from

Mrs. C. W. Merrill, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 2662.....	\$73
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Allen, Woodbury, N. J., for Baby No. 2663.....	73
F. S. Smithers, New York City, for Baby No. 2667.....	73
"Anonymous," Camp Sherman, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 2668 and 2669.....	150
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Harris, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, for Babies Nos. 2670, 2671 and 2672.....	219
The teachers of the Flint High School, Flint, Mich., for Baby No. 2673.....	73
Homer and Frederick, Redlands, Cal., for Baby No. 2674.....	73
Proceeds of a dance given at Panacea Springs, N. C., through Miss Lucy I. Leach, for Baby No. 2678.....	73
American Fire Fighters' Fund collected through the <i>Fireman's Herald</i> , New York City, for Baby No. 2680.....	73
F. W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 2681.....	73
Major L. F. Grant, 5th Canadian Ry. Troops, for Baby No. 2682.....	73
Fanny Avery Welcher and Alice Lee Welcher, New York City, for Baby No. 2683.....	73
W. G. Peckham, New York City, for Baby No. 2684.....	73
The Fortnightly Club, through Miss Mary Cole and Miss Anne Bridgers, Raleigh, N. C., for Baby No. 2685.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Bodler, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 2689.....	73
Employees of W. H. Verner, Ft. Worth, Texas, for Baby No. 2690.....	73
"Dogwood Troop 2, Girl Scouts, Harrisburg, Pa." for Baby No. 2691.....	73
Margaret Huntington Russell, New Haven, Conn., for Baby No. 2692.....	73
P. A. Brangier, Agnew, Cal., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 26.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tilghman, Marion, S. C., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 38.....	73
F. Fanchon, Agnew, Cal., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 39.....	73
W. Eugene Kimball, Glen Cove, N. Y., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 59.....	73
Captain Harold L. Mack, Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 40.....	73
George A. Kernick, Oakland, Cal., renewal of subscriptions for Babies Nos. 24 and 25.....	73
Institute Tisne, New York City, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 9.....	73
Mrs. Henry E. Fish, Erie, Pa., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 110.....	73
E. R. G., Washington, D. C., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 91.....	73
W. Barclay Stephens, Alameda, Cal., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 49.....	73
R. A. Cram, Boston, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 30.....	73
June F. Willis, Rochester, N. Y., balance of renewal of subscription for Baby No. 183.....	73
A contribution from several women of Albuquerque, New Mexico, renewal on account of subscription for Baby No. 124.....	73
"A Group of Brooklyn Women," renewal of subscriptions for Babies Nos. 144 and 145.....	146
PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Gertrude Thayer, Washington, D. C., \$36.50; Miss Avis Cleland, Missoula, Mont., \$10; I. X. L. Class of First Presbyterian Sunday School, Napoleon, Ohio, \$9.13; Nina C. Keir, Waterbury, Conn., \$36.50; The ladies of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Appleton, Wisconsin, \$6.10; Lila C. Hedges, Haverstraw, N. Y., \$9; "The Miller Children," Winnetka, Ill., \$15; Edna R. Davis, Huntsville, Ala., \$36.50; Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; A. F. C. Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10; The Westminster Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, \$27; The John Childs School,	



THE GUILLEMONT FAMILY WITH HENRI, BABY 2356, AND
PORTRAIT OF THE MARTYRED FATHER

Marshalltown, Iowa, \$36.50; Clara Goodwin, Brookline, Mass., \$3; Maleska-Jane Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y., final payment on account of Baby No. 2176, \$23.

BABY NUMBER 2599	
Already acknowledged	\$46.25
L. Pierre Valligny, New York City	2
"Rockford"	2
Proceeds of a dance given at Panacea Springs, N. C., through Miss Lucy I. Leach	2.20
Charles Esselburn, Akron, Ohio	10
Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Center, Mass	4.05
Sunday School of Christ Church, Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.	3.50

BABY NUMBER 2621	
Already acknowledged	\$61.50
Sunday School of Christ Church, Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.	11.50

BABY NUMBER 2644	
Already acknowledged	\$9.28
Mildred B. Clune, Rochester, N. Y.	25
Ed. Bingemann, Lancaster, N. Y.	5
Employees of W. H. Verner, Ft. Worth, Texas	19.75
The Lexington, Ky., Chapter of the Alliance Francaise	7.73
Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Center, Mass.	1.95

BABY NUMBER 2686	
The Fortnightly Club, through Miss Mary Cole and Miss Anne Bridgers, Raleigh, N. C.	\$27
Gen. C. McC. Reeve, Minnetonka Beach, Minn.	15.10
	\$42.10



TIME 3 A. M.

BILLY BEGINS TO REALIZE WHAT IS MEANT BY "A WAR OF ULTIMATE EXHAUSTION"

A Y. M. C. A. Hut

FIFTY soldiers in a tiny room.
A tin phonograph playing "Over There."
A game of checkers in a corner.
A bewildered private with a year-old copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*.
The harassed secretary selling stamps.
Someone playing something on the piano.
Two men quarreling.
A soldier sticking chewing gum under a bench.
A Bible and some hymn books under a pile of papers.
A couple covertly matching pennies.
A boy writing home to his mother.

A Reminder

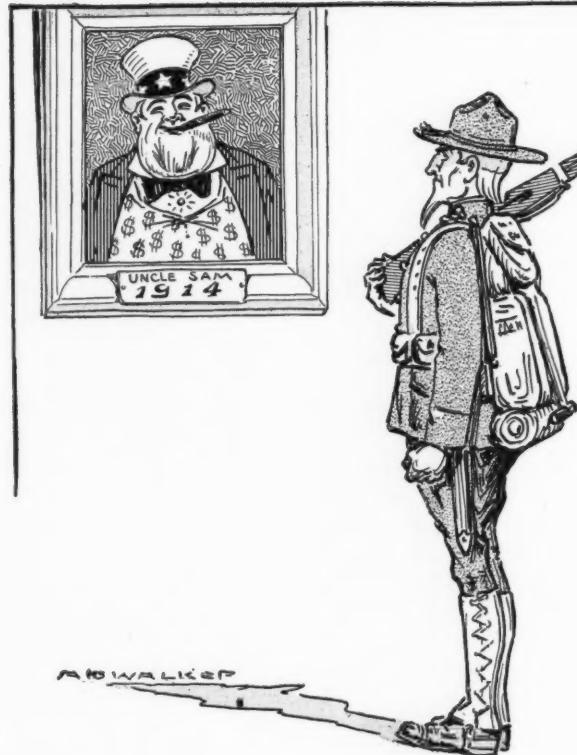
THE rare billiard has appeared again in Hurricane township, Maine, according to recent despatches. Maine residents familiar with the billiard state that it is an animal about the size of a beaver, with long hind legs, short front legs, webbed feet and a hawk-like bill. It lives by fishing. Crouched on a grassy point overlooking a stream, it waits patiently until a trout rises for a fly. Then, with a swift leap, the billiard hurls itself toward the fish and brings its heavy, flat tail down on the water with a sicken-

ing crash. Stunned, the trout rises to the surface, and the billiard dines at its leisure. Such is the billiard, . . . and when we read about it in the papers, it serves to remind us that when the natives of a prohibition state such as Maine visit one of the semi-public Maine saloons, they never know what the stuff they drink is going to do to them.



A CIVIL ENGINEER

"BUT, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, AFTER YOU HAVE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO FLAG THE LIMITED, I AM SORRY TO SAY THAT I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO FIX AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE!"



"I SUPPOSE I DID LOOK LIKE THAT. WELL, THIS WAR HAS DONE SOME GOOD ALREADY"

Whom Optimists Should Marry

TO all that rising generation of Optimists who are just budding forth, and looking with eager longing to a lifetime of marital bliss, there is a bit of advice that can be given without the slightest hesitation. It is this: No Optimist, be it a he or a she, should ever marry anything but a Pessimist.

This rule is invariable, not only because it obeys that wider underlying law that "opposites attract," but also because it is justified on many specific grounds.

A Pessimist serves to soften the high lights in an Optimist's life, to round him out and complete him. A house that has an Optimist and no Pessimist is like a summer sky without a sunshade. There simply must be someone around the house to look on the dark side of things, to make a rigid accounting of the cost of everything and to point out the probable catastrophic results of every proposed domestic project.

To realize the importance of this rule, one has only to imagine a household governed by two incorrigible Optimists, a household where never a wrinkle furrows the brow of an inmate, where everything is considered to be for the best, whether boils or bankruptcy, lumbago or soggy muffins, coal shortage or conflagrations.

For every Optimist upon this earth there is a good and true Pessimist waiting. Let every effort be made to fulfill this divine law of nature.

Memorable Days in History

(According to Little Bobbie)

THE day he helped carry the big drum in the Liberty Loan parade up Main Street.

The day a trench curio arrived for him from his big brother in France.

The day he gave his mother a pair of trousers to mend, but forgot about the cigarette in the left hip-pocket.

The day he slid down the spiral banister in the public library—then to be confronted by Aunt Prudence.

The day his father lifted him up on the fire truck, and allowed him to grasp the steering-wheel for at least two and a half minutes.

The day of examination, when he discovered three of the same problems on the question slip that his mother had worked out with him the night before.

The day the family doctor told him he did not have to undergo that operation for adenoids after all.

The day his father told him he had secured a job for him as mascot and bat-carrier for the local ball club.

The day he asked Aunt Prudence in the presence of company how her nose happened to be so red.

The day he was awakened by the bark of a milk-white terrier—his birthday present from Uncle Bill.



THE CREDULOUS LLAMA

There once was a credulous Llama,
Who consulted a Priestess of Brahma,

"In your next life," said she,
"You will probably be
A dressing-gown, rug or pajama."

CAPT GUY SMYTH
will positively KISS every woman
who gives ONE DOLLAR to the
RED + CROSS



MONEY CAN BE RAISED BY THIS METHOD

The Realm of Fanfarona

THE Realm of Fanfarona was a Most Progressive State,
And it blushfully admitted it was Valorous and Great;
And it modestly acknowledged its Pre-eminence in Worth
As the Noblest and the Grandest and the Freest Land on
Earth.

The Wicked Hoola-Boolah was the King of Mallecamp—
A Highly Able Tyrant, though a Robber and a Scamp,
For he never Blew the Trumpet till he'd Drawn the Shining
Sword—
And he marched on Fanfarona and he took the Town of
Ord.

The Realm of Fanfarona was astounded at the Wrong,
But it never lost its Temper, for it knew that it was Strong;
So it sent an Ultimatum, a Remonstrance and a Note,
And the Wicked Hoola-Boolah took the Town of Pillicote.

The Realm of Fanfarona felt Exceedingly Aggrieved,
And its Statesmen clearly Stated that they verily believed
That the Wicked Hoola-Boolah was an Ogre and a Ghoul!
And the Wicked Hoola-Boolah took the Town of Molecule.

The Realm of Fanfarona, after Long and High Debate,
Announced with Deep Regret, that it was forced to Intimate

The So-to-speak Existence of a Quasi State of War.
And the Wicked Hoola-Boolah took the Town of Metaphor.

The Realm of Fanfarona made a Promise, there and then:
"We Are Going to Have an Army of a Hundred Million
Men!"

We Are Going to Have a Navy that will bridge the Seven
Seas!"

And the Wicked Hoola-Boolah took the Town of Litotese.

The Realm of Fanfarona scratched its Figurative Head;
"We'll have to change our Plan," that Realm of Fanfarona
said;

"When the Wicked Hoola-Boolah shows his Predatory
Might,
It is Time to quit our Talking and just buckle down to
Fight!"

Arthur Guiterman.

Flushed with Victory

PROMINENT CITIZEN: Yes, sir, we won a great
victory over the wets yesterday at the polls.

FRIEND: No more liquor?

"No, sir, not for the duration of the war. Every saloon
in town closed up tight. What'll you have—Manhattan or
Martini?"



THE MASCOT RAID'S THE ENEMY TRENCH ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT,
AND BRINGS IN A PRISONER

Letters from the Front

FOR letters from men in the American fighting forces in France LIFE will pay ten dollars each, if they are considered of sufficient interest to print.

Each letter should be addressed to the Editor, and should be short. Preferably, it should deal with some phase of life at the Front, and the preference will be given to humorous incidents, short anecdotes or matters of fact or human interest.

Correspondents are advised to keep duplicates. The name and address of the sender should be plainly written on each manuscript.

In Darkest France

Dear E——:

We are well housed or rather "barACKed" in our new home. It is like a big dormitory on the outside, and more or less like Sing Sing inside, except that the rooms are big and airy—very airy, in fact. Our straw mattresses reside on the floor along the walls like piers along the river at Hoboken, and we have each about three feet of shelf upon which repose mess kit, writing paper, Xmas boxes and beer-bottle candlesticks, the latter being the official source of light. We have a big table of swiped lumber in the middle of the floor at one end of the room, and a settle of the same origin, with a couple of much whittled boxes near the stove at the other end complete our furniture.

The town here is quite ancient—figured in Roman history—and we are naturally supposed to be much interested in cathedrals and old gateways, but every time I have been down, somehow or other I never got by the chocolate and pastry shops. At night all doors and windows are shuttered and curtained so that no

stray rays of light may attract the attention of roaming Boche airplanes. One dodges along in inky darkness from door to door in the narrow streets, peeking in at each little crack to see what kind of a shop it may be. The other night I busted into a joint which had a row of bottles on the counter. I asked for cough medicine several times in my very best classical French with good U. S. pronunciation. I was greeted with a blank expression. It was a barber shop. I finally found a pharmacist who could speak English.

As ever,

Bob.

Somewhere,
February 14, 1918.

A Friend from Boston

Recently we've added to our personnel in the billet. Three nights ago I was coming down the street, snow was falling and a biting wind rushed from the mountains. As I turned into the billet a little long-haired dog sniffed up to me, shivering and shaking. I took him in and fed him, and he has stayed with us ever

since. All day long he sits by the open fire and at night chases rats, thus earning his meat. By the name on his collar we notice that he came from Boston with a regiment that was stationed at Framingham, but how he strolled over to this village no one knows. He's our friend now and we'll take him with us wherever we go.

Well, it's a pipe of tobacco and then off to bed for mine. Best wishes and good luck for the New Year.

From

FREDERIC.

France, Jan. 2, 1918.

Before the Great Drive

*Somewhere in France,
Sunday eve, March 17th.*

Dear Mother:

As you see by the heading, it is Sunday night, and we have just finished supper. It has been a wonderful day—just like spring—nice and warm, and not a cloud in the sky.

This morning, just after I had got through shaving up and was looking around the bunk house, the "top" came through and said, "All out in front of the office in full uniform." So we all lined up—that is, all of us that were here; some had gone for the day, it being a holiday. The lieutenant lined us up according to height, after which we stood in "Company front" for quite a while, and then the order was given to "Come to attention." And around the corner who should come? None other than our commanding general and Secretary of War Baker. Mr. Baker stopped and asked if there were any Cleveland fellows in our company. The two present stepped forward, and he asked their names, what part of Cleveland they lived in and how they were enjoying their stay in France.

All of our fellows were wearing their new gold service stripes, and they were the first ones that Mr. Baker had seen, so, of course, he wanted to know all about them. General Pershing explained to him that they were given for six months' service in the "zone of the armies," and not just for being in France. I must say that General Pershing is about the finest looking man I ever hope to see.

The party—for there were a couple of other generals along and several lower-grade officers—inspected our kitchen and mess hall; and we have the honor of being the only company in the regiment where they stopped and talked.

D. and I are going to the "Y" to church now. They have American movies after the service, and we must rush along so as to get seats.

(Continued on page 891)



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House of Lords

Lord Halsbury in one of his terms of office had occasion to visit a certain lunatic asylum in his official capacity.

"I'm the Lord Chancellor," he announced to the attendant at the door.

The man looked at him curiously for a moment.

"This way, sir," he said very firmly; "we 'ave three more of 'em in 'ere!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

AN old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No, sah, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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More Than He Could Stand
A sailor on furlough was strolling in the country when he saw for the first time in his life two men working on a cross-cut saw, sawing a tree in two. The sailor stood for about a quarter of an hour watching the two men, one of whom was very tall, while the other was very short. The sailor at last made a sudden spring and dealt the tallest man a blow in the face.

"What—what's this?" stammered the big man.

"You big coward!" cried the sailor. "I've been watching you for the last quarter of an hour trying to take that saw from the little fellow!"

—*New York Globe.*

ONE cold and wet windy night a farmer came upon a negro shivering in the doorway of an Atlanta store. Wondering what the darky could be doing, standing in such a draughty position, the farmer said:

"Jim, what are you doing here?"

"'Scuse me, sir," said Jim, "but I'm gwine to sing bass to-morrow mornin' at church, an' I am tryin' to catch a cold."—*London Opinion.*



CHANGING THE GUARD

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Letters from the Front

(Continued from page 888)

It is quite amusing to listen to the fellows when the band plays a piece that they all like. You would not have the least trouble picking out the favorite ones. "Over There," "Oh, Joy! Oh, Boy!" "Where Do We Go from Here?" "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" and some of the Hawaiian pieces receive wild cheers.

To-morrow night there is going to be "some doings" in camp. You never could guess who will be here, so I will tell you right away: Elsie Janis—and you can just bet that the old "Y" will be more than packed.

As you know, when I left camp last November we were all living in tents, and they had just started the new work here. The change is positively wonderful. One can hardly believe his eyes. No more tents, but buildings and railroads galore. I really wish that I could tell you all about it, but you, of course, understand why I cannot.

Love to all.

CARL.

Worth Knowing

Writing under date of April 8th, Prof. Carl Holliday, of Toledo University, now doing Y. M. C. A. welfare work in France, says:

"All sorts of 'investigators' arrive here to look into the 'moral temptations surrounding our boys. They must think our soldiers are a lot of infants or else plain degenerates. I haven't seen a drunken American in all France."

"If only the government would declare an embargo against the numerous investigating parties that afflict us! We have

That lad of yours, over seas.

All that is humanly possible is being done to see to it that he is well fed, well clothed and efficiently equipped. Organizations like the Y. M. C. A., are looking to his physical comfort, healthful recreation and clean fun. If he is sick or wounded the Red Cross will provide for him with tender, loving care.

Yet there is one thing that will bring a smile to his face and a joy to his heart that none of these can give; that only you can give—your photograph.

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*There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.*

the investigators on the drink evil, investigators on the social question, investigators of this and of that. It seems that every fellow who wants to see France tries to get on some investigation committee. You should see the soldiers grin when one mentions 'investigating party.'

"Really, there is nothing to investigate. Almost every soldier you talk with tells you he is feeling better than ever before; he is too busy to think of meanness during the day, and too tired at night, even if he had a permit to leave

camp. And, moreover, our American public should remember that the average French girl is far more carefully watched and guarded than the average American girl. This camp life is making a real man of many a 'sissy' whose parents were making life much too easy for him."

Being a morgue-keeper is not a gladsome occupation, but even a morgue-keeper would be happy once a week if he happened to be an annual subscriber to LIFE.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Just Like America

The American in England affords cause for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen.

A Yankee soldier was being shown over an old church where hundreds of people were buried.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand.

"So?" said the Sammy. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Tender Memories

"Shut that door!" yelled the rough man. "Where were you raised—in a barn?" The man addressed meekly and silently complied, but the speaker looking at him a moment later observed that he was in tears. Going over to his victim he apologized. "Oh, come," he said soothingly, "you shouldn't take it to heart because I asked if you were raised in a barn."

"That's it; that's it," sobbed the other man. "I was raised in a barn, and it makes me homesick every time I hear an ass bray."—Transcript.

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Help! Help!

"I have come here," said the angry man to the superintendent of the street car line, "to get justice; justice, sir. Yesterday, as my wife was getting off one of your cars the conductor stepped on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool. "Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not intend to let you off so easily as that. What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."—New York Times.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep After Cuticura

All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

PSATTICHUS II started to turn the crank to lower into place the corner-stone of the great pyramid which bears his name. "Hold, sire," exclaimed the Royal Librarian, "we have failed to put in the copies of LIFE which are to carry down to posterity the essence of the refined humor of our time."

Would Hold an Elephant

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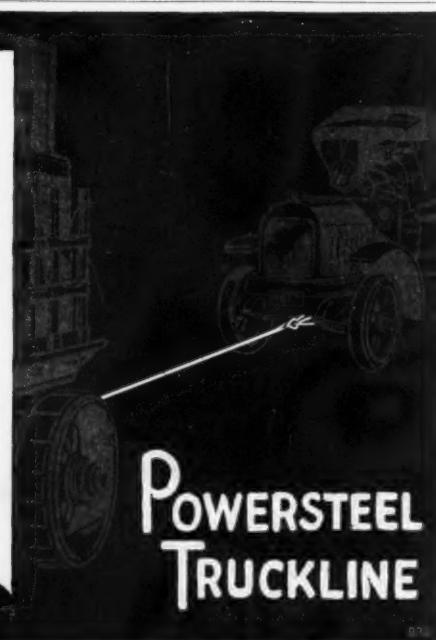
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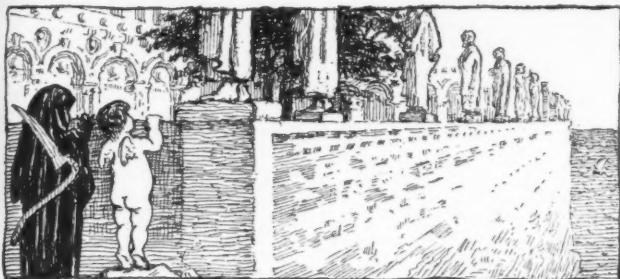
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"I'VE GOT A PARROT AN' A MONKEY AN' A GUINEA PIG, AN' PA'S GOIN' TO SEND ME A GERMAN FROM FRANCE."

Lovemight

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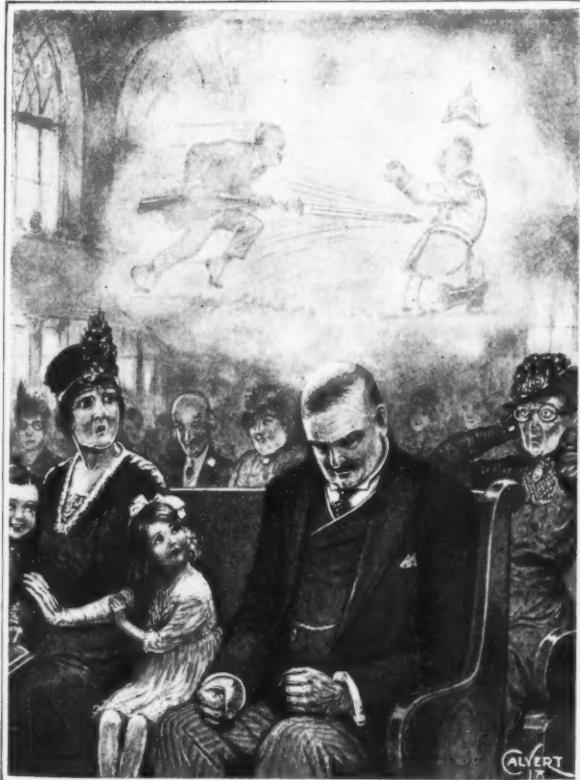
Love that is stronger than death and longing that is mightier than separation are motive powers in

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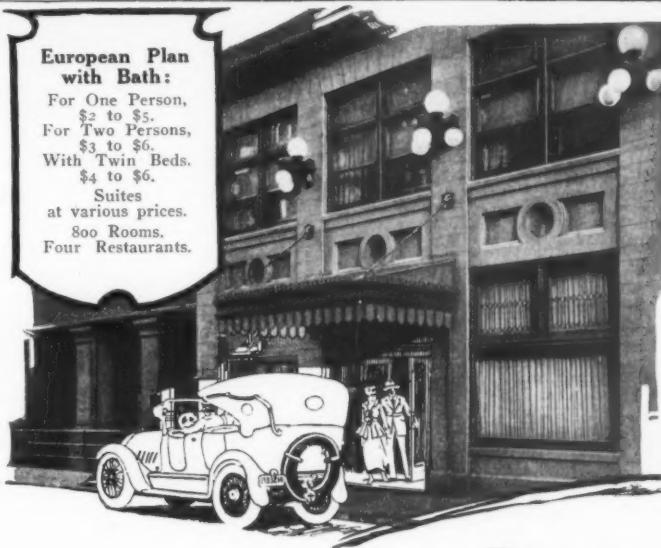
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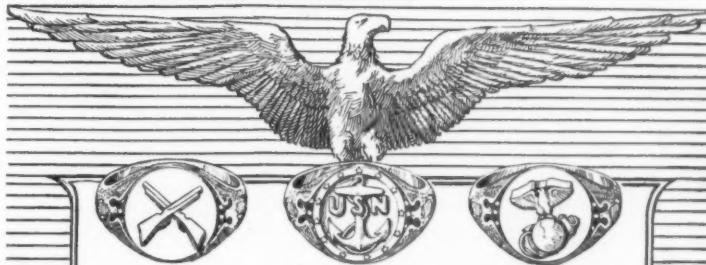
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The Restless Sex, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.) Another romance of Washington Square.

Oh, Money! Money! by Eleanor H. Porter. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.50.) The story of a millionaire's experiment.

The Firefly of France, by Marion Polk Angelotti. (The Century Company, \$1.40.) A romance in memory of Guyenne.

The Unseen Hand, by Clarence Herbert New. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.40.) Stories of an anonymous secret agent.

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